UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Glittering Road of Sentimentality

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Invading Russia

By DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Minorities

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

VOLUME XCII NUMBER 9

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1923 NUMBER 9

CREEDS

How pitiful are little folk—
They seem so very small;
They look at stars and think they are
Denominational.

—Willard Wattles.

UNITY has perhaps no higher ambition or desire than to protect itself and its readers from being fooled. Propaganda is less abundant but no less determined than it was during the War; and our newspapers, which pretend to be so interested in facts, are wide open to its lies. There is the French propaganda directed against Germany from the Ruhr; the English propaganda against India and Egypt; the American propaganda against Mexico, the Philippines and Haiti; the California propaganda against Japan and the Japanese; and the general, all-round propaganda against Russia and the "reds." Then there is the propaganda not "against" but "for"—the propaganda, for example, for the League of Nations, the World Court, the railroads, the churches, the Republican Party, Calvin Coolidge, and the theatres. Everywhere, in these days of feverish publicity, are headquarters or factories organized for the manufacture of raw material in support of, or in hostility against, some local, national or international interest. The shams, pretensions, frauds, lies, fairy-tales produced by these publicity factories are all about us; and lucky, or divinely-inspired, is he who can discern truth from error. UNITY makes no claim to being infallible in these matters. We have been fooled too often in the past to be sure of ourselves in the future. But we have learned to cultivate a healthy scepticism; and we think we have found a few principles which seem to be safe guides amid the confusion of deceit that wraps us round. Thus, the source of a story is illuminating; a dispatch from Paris about Germany, from Riga or Helsingfors about Russia, or from a government office (especially when marked "official") about anything, must never be believed. Again, an eye-witness who has no motive for telling a certain kind of story, or, better, every motive for *not* telling this kind of story, is usually trustworthy; his impressions and experiences, though not his opinions necessarily, may be accepted. Best of all is it wise to read "both sides" all the time, and thus correct one version of world events by the opposite version; we read the New York *Times* and the New York *Leader* (the Labor daily) and thus, by surveying contrary viewpoints, are helped to find the truth. By methods such as these do we try to keep from being fooled, and in these columns make the same endeavor for our readers. These readers themselves may help us much by correcting us when we are seen to be going wrong. It is to this end, among other things, that we have a Correspondence Column.

One of the major charges against Germany during the War was the charge of dishonor. Germany could not be trusted, she broke her word, repudiated her promises, made "scraps of paper" of her treaties—so the indictment ran! That the indictment was true seems to be proved by the record, but wherein is this record different in essence from other diplomatic records? What nation can be trusted to keep its word if it is for its interest at any time to break it? The record of the Allies, who were so mightily horrified at Germany's infidelity, is interesting in this regard. Twice since 1918 has Germany stripped herself of all defence, placed herself in a position of abject helplessness, in reliance upon the pledged word of her enemies. The first time, of course, was at the Armistice following the World War, when Germany consented to disarm herself and to make peace "on the basis of President Wilson's Fourteen Points and subsequent discourses, notably that of September 27." The Allies accepted the terms thus offered, plighted their word to their fulfillment, and then, when they had Germany naked before them, proceeded to violate both letter and spirit of their bond by imposing upon her the most cruelly punitive peace that the world has seen since the destruction of Carthage. One might think that a single experience of this kind would be enough. Having been betrayed once, it would seem ridiculous to trust and be betrayed again. And yet it is just this thing which Germany has done. For the second time, this time in the Ruhr, Germany surrendered to her enemies. After eight months of unbreakable passive resistance against the French invaders, Chancellor Stresemann ordered his people to abandon their resistance and negotiate with France. Again and again had President Poincaré laid down this abandonment of the passive resistance policy as the one and absolute condition of release for Germany to the end of settling difficulties and resuming relations. Stresemann trusted

the word of France as his predecessor in 1918 had trusted the word of the Allies—and with the same result. Poincaré has not withdrawn his troops, he has refused to deal with the German government, and in answer to the Curzon-Hughes appeal for a conference, insists that there shall be in such conference no discussion of the Ruhr occupation "which he proposes to continue." When nations thus deal with one another, peace is of course impossible and war sooner or later certain.

The sixth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution and the establishment of the Soviet Republic has just passed. The first thing that comes to mind, as we survey this anniversary of this so momentous event, is the fact that the Soviets are still here! For years we have been told, that the revolutionary government was just about to fall; Lenin has been killed, or driven in flight, or has died of disease we know not how many times; Trotsky has quarreled with his chief and imprisoned him, as many times again. But Lenin is the senior premier of Europe, he heads a government composed of the same men who took power in 1917 and still function in admirable accord, and the Republic is beyond all denial or even question the firmest and strongest in all of Europe. But the Soviets have not only survived physically—they have survived morally as well. A thousand tales of slander have been directed against them. They have been described as paid agents of Germany in the period of the war, as nationalizers of women, as terrorists red with the blood of countless massacres, as ruthless persecutors of religion and the church, as thieves, murderers and traitors generally. But one by one the wild tales have come and gone, and the Bolsheviki are seen today with ever growing clearness to be what they have always been—a group of the most consistent, determined, self-sacrificing and able statesmen that the world has ever seen. With survival, physical and moral, comes increasing prosperity and happiness. Russia's troubles are now definitely behind her, while the troubles of the rest of Europe are still ahead. The famine is over, disease is being segregated and conquered, the currency is being successfully stabilized, the cities are being rebuilt and the railroads and factories restored, the peasants are busy and contented and free. Amid the growing gloom about us, Russia stands as a bright spot on the horizon, a promise and guarantee of a better day to come. As we look back over these six years and survey what has been endured and is now so gloriously achieved, we find satisfaction in the thought that never at any time have we wavered in our support of the Bolsheviki. We have not accepted all their ideas nor pardoned all their practices; but we have believed in them and their mission, and hence rejoice at their success.

The most recent and for the moment the best book on Russia is Professor E. A. Ross's "The Russian Soviet Republic." The chapter on the religious situation is one of very especial interest to us, inasmuch as it confirms everything that has been said in these columns in denial of the charge that the Bolsheviki have been engaged in religious persecution. Professor Ross has no bone to pick, no prejudice to vindicate; he is simply engaged in stating *facts,* all of which bare out the contention that religion is enjoying a freedom in Russia today which is unprecedented in Russian history. We ask our readers to study the entire chapter, indeed the entire book, for themselves. Meanwhile we set down here a few sentences which sum up conclusions:

> Though personally opposed to religion, the Communists know the Russian masses too well to dream of suppressing it. Their policy, as embodied in the Constitution of the republic, is the complete separation of church and state. There is to be full liberty of conscience. (Page 385.)
>
> Through 1918 and 1919 a systematic attempt was made to blacken the Communists by flooding the world with false reports of the treatment of the clergy in Russia. (Page 386.)
>
> We have here (referring to reports of massacres, horrors, etc.) the same flood of pious lies which have always been emitted when an established church has been divested of its enormous holdings of landed property . . . and it is compelled to be, in reality, what it always professed to be—a religious institution, pure and simple. The facts appear to be that, aside from atrocities committed by mobs or in places not under the authority of Moscow, the clergy who lost their lives were executed for taking part in counter-revolution. (Page 387.)
>
> Americans should not be deceived by plaintive head-shaking over the fate of religion under the Communists, but should realize that *the supreme grievance of the Russian Church is that it has been disestablished.* (Page 393, italics Prof. Ross's.)

These are significant statements and as authoritative as they are significant. It is high time that baseless slanders against Bolshevik Russia were made to cease.

There is one curious criticism of the Levinson-Borah program for the Outlawry of War which is made with greater frequency, perhaps, than any other, and which calls, therefore, for careful answer. We refer to the charge that the program reserves to the nations the right of fighting a defensive war, and thus, as a matter of fact, defeats its own end of outlawry by legalizing war all over again. For when was there a war, at least in modern times, which was not a defensive war? Does not every nation go to war in defense of territory, or honor, or life itself? A defensive war, according to present-day standards, means every war. With this reservation granted, the outlawry idea becomes something worse than a farce. All of which sounds very good, till the matter is examined just a bit! Take the analogy, so useful in this whole argument, of relations between individual citizens which are now wholly subdued to the operation of law. Murder is outlawed, is it not? But nobody contends that this fact denies to a man the

right of self-defense—the right to protect his property from burglary, his wife from assault, his own person from death. The right of self-defense, from the legal point of view, whatever we may say from the ethical or spiritual point of view (and here we have our own individual opinions!), is basic, and hence not to be taken away by any code of law. Yet law holds, and society is safe from violence! So, now, with the international problem. War is outlawed; but the code so outlawing it cannot, if it would, deny to the people of a nation the right to *defend their soil from armed invasion,* as a householder defends his home from burglary! It's this *invasion of soil* that constitutes aggression; as it is resistance to this invasion which constitutes defense. Thus will it be defined in the international code of outlawry. Under this interpretation there can be no question as to what defensive warfare means, and no opening of the door to conflict. The nation sending its armed forces against a neighbor becomes the offender, and thus the outlaw. A declaration of war, or an army movement without the declaration, is the crime. Let it be set down in the code that a parliament declaring war, an executive ordering an army to advance, are murderers punishable under the law of nations, and war will speedily disappear.

We never get tired of Bible tests, and never quite used to the appalling consequences when these tests are applied to contemporary minds. Here is the latest one, taken from the *Christian Herald* which submitted the following excellently prepared questionnaire to more than a thousand children in junior high schools:

1—Name five Old Testament books.
2—Name five New Testament books.
3—In what book of the Bible are the Ten Commandments found?
4—Tell one thing you know about (a) Jacob, (b) Moses, (c) Samuel, (d) Samson, (e) Elijah.
5—Write any verse in the Bible and give the book, chapter and verse where found.
6—Who spoke the Beatitudes? Write any one of them.
7—Write the first 10 words of the Lord's Prayer.
8—Who came first, (a) the Apostle Paul or John the Baptist? (b) Joseph, who was sold by his brothers, or Moses?
9—Write either the first verse of Psalm I, or the first verse of the Twenty-third Psalm.
10—What was (a) Herod, (b) Jordan, (c) Carmel, (d) Nazareth, (e) Lazarus?

According to the *Christian Herald,* only 27 per cent of the children could name five books of the Old Testament, and only 29 per cent knew five books of the New Testament. On the sixth question, which would seem to be the easiest, only 9 per cent knew who spoke the Beatitudes and succeeded in writing one of them. The other queries brought similar revelations of ignorance. We never quite get reconciled to such results, as we have said; and we never cease wondering as to what these results mean when compared with the amazing figures of the Bible publishing houses as to the number of Bibles printed and distributed each year. Every once in a while some newspaper, desiring some big feature story, asks the sensational question, "What is the most widely-read book in the world?" Then it answers this question with an avalanche of statistics about the millions of copies of the Bible, the New Testament, the Psalms, that are published each year, and leaves us with the beatific picture of millions of people, the world around, racing to the book-stores to buy Bibles, and spending night after night in poring over their pages. That the Bibles are published and distributed in these vast quantities, we have no doubt. But who reads them? No examination conducted in the last ten or fifteen years indicates that any considerable portion of the population ever opens a page or scans a chapter, least of all the rising generation. The soldier boys, we are told, used the Bibles given them in the war for shaving paper and cigarette wrappers. The Bible the most widely read book today? It isn't in it with Harold Bell Wright and the *Saturday Evening Post.*

In the October 6 issue of the *Churchman* appears an article by the late Bishop Charles D. Williams on "The Gospel of Fellowship." Among other things he says:

> I am convinced organized Christianity today stands at a supreme crisis. It is a crisis of life or death. Unless our divided churches, divided nationally and denominationally, can catch the vision of some supreme cause, the essential end and purpose of the religion they commonly confess, a vision that shall unite them above all their differences, in one all-absorbing passion and task—unless we can catch such a unifying vision, the church as now organized is doomed.

Making application, or finding illustration, of his thesis in what happened during the war, the Bishop says:

> The Christian church has ignominiously failed in this, her essential mission as a peace-maker. She failed utterly to sustain in the slightest degree world peace when the great war came on, and she failed because of her unhappy divisions. She had no united voice to proclaim the fundamental principles of her Lord. . . . Most of us, clergy and laity alike, lied vociferously, and, it may be, sincerely, at the behest of the military and political cheer-leaders in the universal propaganda of international and inter-racial hate deemed necessary to keep the fires of war burning and the fighting spirit up to the highest pressure in the steam-gauge.

All this is true and wholesome talk. Incidentally it is only what UNITY has been saying week in and week out during the last few years, to the great disgust of a few of our subscribers. Perhaps they will not think us so hopelessly wrong, now that our position is affirmed and confirmed by a bishop.

The Glittering Road of Sentimentality

The name of Samuel Richardson is one to conjure with. His creation of fragile young ladies, easily shocked, and subject to frequent spells of fainting marks a turning point in the history of the English novel. Self consciousness was the constant companion of these young creatures while every trembling of the hand or movement of the foot, every accent spoken in languor or fretfulness—all had some meaning for their creator. The turn of the tide against this sort of sentimentalism so far as modern literature is concerned came with the writings of George Meredith, who, whatever else he may be, is to be rated as a consistent foe of sentimentalism. In the opening chapter of "Diana" he speaks about the sentimental people "who fiddle on the strings of sensualism to the delight of a world gaping for the marvels of musical execution rather than for music." And a little later he draws a picture of a moonlight scene in which he observes that though the hero freely pledges himself to the object of his affection for all eternity, he shrinks when it comes to being bound at eleven o'clock the following morning.

The modern tide of literary realism, so called, has successfully emancipated itself from that sort of thing. And it has to be confessed that the removal of this sort of sentimentality renders the world peculiarly topsy turvy for many who were brought up in it. Some of the stories of Mr. Sherwood Anderson, for example, reveal depths of repressed animalism where we had been taught to see only the virtues of the frontier. Driven out of the door, however, it flies back through the window. In spite of being "Dear Readered" four or five times on a single page, by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, it is hard to get away from the suspicion that he has worked himself up into a sort of sentimental frenzy over a theory. Precisely what the theory is, is sometimes difficult to discover. But it is just as bad to sentimentalize over a theory as it is over a person. And whatever agency will serve to check this effusion to the effect that our institutions, our form of government, our literature, our education are the finest that the sun ever shone upon—whoever will correct this tendency with its many varieties places society under a real obligation to him. In that way lies not the progress of mankind.

It is now nearly twenty years since Professor James in his "Talks to Teachers" pointed out the fallacy and the danger of this sort of thing in the field of education. It will be remembered that one of his maxims which ought to be burned into the minds of every person who attempts to instruct children was cryptically phrased as "no impression without expression." And he concludes with the statement full of warning to the effect that every emotion which is not carried through to its proper conclusion evaporates into sentimentality and is a danger. To say that the appalling number of automobile accidents is due to sentimentalism would place rather too great a strain on so significant a principle. But we do know that one of the most obvious necessities in the physical and mental development of any child is the normal co-ordination of visual and muscular control. And the failure here leads to the disasters which strew our highways. Now there is a very definite period in the life of a growing boy when nature demands that he make all sorts of experiments in order that this co-ordination shall be established. One day he sees a bird temptingly seated on the branch of a tree, and the inevitable follows; with quite harmless results to the bird, but with the complete satisfaction of an irresistible impulse. Then presently the sentimentalist, the old fashioned Sunday School teacher, who wears a white necktie and carries a morocco bound Bible under his arm comes along and declares that "good little boys don't throw stones at poor little birds." But they do just the same and if you don't like them to employ the birds as targets the only decent alternative is to provide another equally well designed.

Man's social relationships, today, and probably through immemorial time have been seriously handicapped by this element of sentimentality. Let any brass lunged one hundred per cent patriot—the more ignorant the better—loudly declaim about "lor'norder," the inviolability of the constitution, the equality of all men, the dictatorship of the umptyariat, or what not, and you will find us all merrily jaunting along the glittering road of sentimentality. The fact is that a great deal of our so-called Anglo Saxon morality is the result of exactly that sort of thing. We are all the time hunting around for reasons which will justify us in a particular course of conduct upon which we have engaged. We sing the "Star Spangled Banner" upon all sorts of occasions, entirely unsuited to the song, and then justify ourselves by declaring that it is a patriotic song. Somebody tried to make it uncomfortable for Mr. Harry Barnhart in New York last summer because he refused to open one of the Community Concerts with the singing of the National Anthem, so called. When Mr. William Roscoe Thayer died not long ago a good many people took down their copies of his "Life of Cavour," which at the time of its publication was considered one of the finest biographies of its time. Somehow it does not seem to produce the same satisfaction now that it did then. The glorification of war, the marvellous strategy of military campagins and all that sort of thing are symbols of a sentimentality which has no substantial foundation in fact, and makes no answer to the appeal of reason.

Here, too, is the road along which religion has persistently traveled. Its very nature, the fact that it has so largely to deal with intangibles makes it peculiarly

susceptible to the sort of sentimentality which has proven the tragedy of so many noble institutions. For a vast number of persons in the Churches today religion consists in the repetition of a set of phrases, and little more. The appeal which Jesus made was quite a different matter. If you hunger and thirst after righteousness you will be filled. If you are a lover of peace, and really work for it you will be called the children of God. If you are merciful you shall for your own part obtain mercy. It was a statement of spiritual cause and effect which showed that Jesus knew the necessity of applying the principle of no impression without expression, though he had never heard the name of William James. So many of the best words and phrases of the Christian vocabulary have suffered from the enervating influence of sentimentality that Christianity is in danger of becoming spiritually impoverished. The fact is that the creeds of Christianity no longer serve any vital purpose in the establishment of a better order of human society or the development of human character. As the sentimental expression of a certain stage of development they constitute an admirable record; but any man who professes a creed which has not grown out of his own experiences or his own highest aspiration or a visualization of the possibilities which are within his reach is mooning around in a dangerous and unprofitable field.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

We have received from the First Congregational Church, of Berkeley, California, two addresses by the minister, Oswald W. T. McCall—"America and the Next War," and "World-Peace or Downfall." These addresses represent preaching of the noblest Christian type. A few more ministers like Dr. McCall, and the world might actually be saved!

We have also received from abroad two copies of a special edition of *Simplicissimus,* Munich, devoted to a pictorial presentation of the French occupation of the Ruhr. If these things are true as alleged, then Professor Cassel, of Sweden, is justified in saying, "Germany has been devastated worse by the peace than France by the war."

The inauguration of Rudyard Kipling as Rector of St. Andrew's serves principally to bring to mind the inauguration last year of his predecessor, Sir James Matthew Barrie, and the latter's immortal address delivered on that occasion. This address has been published under the title, "Courage," and should not be missed by any lover of literature and the heroic heart.

We doubt if there was a single public question on which we agreed with the late Bonar-Law. But we always respected him as an honest, sincere, just and gentle man, and now welcome the honors paid by all parties not to his abilities and achievements but to his character. Opinions matter so little in our attitude toward men after death! Why should they matter for anything during life? We love the story of Carlyle, who said of a beloved friend, "We agreed in everything except opinions"!

The triumphant production in New York of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," places Walter Hampden at the head of American actors, and restores to the American stage the greatest dramatic work of modern times. This combination of actor and play—Coquelin, Mansfield, and now Hampden—is comparable only to a similar combination in Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

We read in the New York *Tribune* that "simplicity marked the wedding yesterday" of a certain bride to a certain bridegroom. This wedding was held in one of the largest and most beautiful Episcopal churches in the city; clusters of ferns banked the altar, and bunches of chrysanthemums decked the pews; "the full vested choir sang during the ceremony"; the bride was accompanied by a maid of honor and six bridesmaids, and wore a gown which it took seven lines of type to describe; and the service was conducted by a bishop and two rectors! And *this* is "simplicity"! Will somebody please tell us what is elaboration.

J. H. H.

Sayings of Gandhi

Woman is the companion of man, gifted with equal mental capacities. She has the right to participate in the very minutest detail in the activities of man, and she has an equal right of freedom and liberty with him.

I believe that in the midst of all the bloodshed, chicane and fraud resorted to on a colossal scale in the west, humanity as a whole is silently but surely making progress towards a better age.

The Disease, Crime, and Sin of War

Editorial Correspondence.

This is Sunday, June 3rd. I am continuing to observe the symptoms of the sickness of a great nation, stricken by war-disease. I had a telegram from my son, in attendance on a World's Conference at Portschach-am-See, Austria. At the Genthiner Strasse Post Office I handed in my reply telegram of over twenty words. The price was 8000 marks which, in to-day's exchange, is 11 cents,—and Portschach is nearly 460 miles away, and in another country. At the same window I started to buy 30 stamps (300 marks) for foreign letters. There were only 10 stamps in the Sunday stock, indicating that people are not sending many letters abroad. Prices are ridiculously low for a foreigner, but prohibitive to the great mass of people.

The people in line at the Post Office looked so patient, well-meaning and depressed, that the suggestion even of attacking or fighting them was repulsive,—not to speak of destroying them. The whole city is visibly afflicted by the recent rapid slump of the mark. However lively and gay Unter den Linden and Friedrich-strasse may look, there is no question of hundreds of thousands being undernourished. There is going on a process of slow deterioration of a great people. This is true of the industrial and intellectual life as well as of the physical. It would be stopped in a year's time if Messrs. Hughes, Curzon, Poincaré would act like human beings—who had not forgotten their mothers and the cry of a starving child—and favor a program (not of idealism: for Wilson has made the world sick of the mention of "idealism") but a program of common sense and sanity. These men would simply need to say so, in plain language, and not hide behind veiled diplomacy—usually the language of crooks. Germany would stop starving, if America, England and France would stop strangling her, at every point of visible recovery.

Last night I visited an International meeting held at the "German Lyceum Club," 8 Lützow Platz. I remained long enough to survey the rooms: a club with a proud record with queens and countesses as patronesses, with a fine library and recreation rooms, etc. The club has to twist in every direction to maintain an existence. When I checked my overcoat, the little girl said: "50 Marks,"—which is to be translated as one-fifteenth of a cent. Now multiply this "Lyceum Club," once known throughout Europe, by 10,000, and one begins to realize how the social and literary institutions of Germany have been demoralized by the disease of war. But "Germany was to blame?" I hear said. This is monstrous untruth—and I am confident that no intelligent, scientific mind would say that Germany was to blame more than England or France. I am doubly confident that these modest, patient people, I see everywhere who are the sufferers, were not to blame.

There is another side, which brings out the cause of war, in all lands and ages, of which I was much conscious last night as I called upon an American who had just come back from spending a "delightful" week at Countess'————————estate.

She has an immense estate, acres and acres of forest, through which we drove with coachman for hours and hours, never going over the same road. It was a delightful week! The countess does lots of good, taking in refugees from the Rhur, etc. Hers is one of the oldest houses in Germany.

I said to myself, it is these innocent Americans who are keeping alive the worship of "old families." These "old families" who act as if seven-eighths of the race were made to serve them! The disease of war will curse mankind as long as childish Americans wander about the earth kneeling at the shrines of privilege.

As for example I read in the New York *Herald* (Paris) of Friday, of the presentation of the "beautiful Americans" at the court of St. James. It should read at the shrine of St. George. It is really nauseating. It seems to please certain gullible Americans—so dead to all sense of the ideas and principles that have made America great—to be "commanded" to "appear" before His Majesty. I have no desire to appeal to the ashes of the Pilgrim Fathers, who were scurried out of the kingdom by one of these bloated kings, or to the ashes of the Revolutionary Fathers—Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Paine, who were chased by a King George, as Valera was chased, and who would have rotted in the Tower had they been caught, instead of being victors. I simply appeal to the common sense to frown upon the sycophancy displayed by these recreant Americans. Even a Wilson, a Gompers fell. Kings have not changed and never will because they can not. What adds to my heat also is the fact that those who are behind the scenes, who *know* the meanness and meagerness of autocracy and courts, are laughing at the "sweet beautiful Americans" who are being "presented to the Court." And this thing will be blazoned all over democratic America. Who will take up the fight against social snobbery and autocracy?

I shouldn't worry if it were only a bit of dress parade: but it is not! The king of Britain with his court—with all the paraphernalia—is the most powerful agency in the Empire. Some assert that he is only a "figure-head." Be not deceived. If he is only a figure, he is the head figure. This vast social power, working on the weakness of the weak, utilized by shrewd politicians is thrown in a thousand directions, in order that the glory and dominion of the Empire may be extended. Does anyone dream that the exchange visits of the princes of Japan and Britain was an accident, coming as they did when it was on the carpet of the Downing Street politicians that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be renewed. Privileged dynasties mean continual wars. It is inescapable! Is it an accident that Britain's king visited Italy, when it was desirable to form a strong front from Rome to London against Soviet Russia on the one hand, and for the keeping of Germany weak on the other hand. It was about as much an accident as the visit of General Foch to Warsaw. And these beautiful butterfly Americans, who bring their riches of a democratic civilization and present them at the feet of a monarch, are basely contributing to the glory and dominion of autocracy—and hence war and oppression among men!

This cause of disease is still in Germany. I saw evidence of it this morning as I saw groups of men and women on horses canter through the Tiergarten. They are the aristocrats of Berlin out for an airing. This aristocracy is being hit hard, and it never was as bad as it is now in England. In fact, English aristocracy was the model and envy and despair of German aristocracy. I have been surprised to discover this as I have mingled with the people everywhere. Germans

—the great mass of them—are naturally democratic. I know they once had the disease pretty bad, but it did not go very deep.

And now one is impressed with how fundamentally democratic all the people are. One doesn't find here—never did—those signs that are plastered all over England, that this butcher, this baker, this candlestick maker, this draper once got an order from His Majesty or Her Majesty. Even the signs of aristocracy are rooted in British folks for generations. When the British cricketeers visited Australia, the "gentlemen" cricketeers fraternized in one tent, the "non-gentlemen" cricketeers fraternized in another.

I have written this to say that as long as men will patronize royalty—the way the silly "beautiful Americans" do at the Court of St. James, and my American friend fairly burns with enthusiasm over a "delightful week" on the Countess' estate, and the way bands of Americans rubberneck through cathedrals and castles worshipping at the shrines of privilege—there will be war, I am sorry to say it, but there will be war, because there will be foolish people ready to die that others may enjoy privilege.

Which leads me to refer to the "Good will" parties of Americans that are now visiting France and especially the battle-fields—"the devastated areas." They are being worked upon—just as I, an innocent boy, was worked upon at Memorial Days and Independence Days—not that this thing "might not happen again" but to the end that it *may happen again*. For, be assured, that if we bring wreaths for *warriors' graves* our children will also have warrior-graves to decorate, and so on *ad infinitum*. The last visit in France, the last memory, will be to these "devastated regions." Then home. I am saying a word of kindness—as kind as a physician would speak, saying that the city to be freed of typhoid must clean the sewers and wells—when I say that until some generation visits the graves of its warriors with repentance: with admission that "these died because of the sins of their fathers and leaders"—the disease and crime of war will go on, with its ravages.

This noon I was walking up Potsdamer Strasse on the way to lunch, when a bright school girl accosted me with a smile on her face and a long paste-board tube in her left hand. I could not make out what it was for, until I saw a slit in one end and the frayed edge of a 100-mark bill sticking through. I asked if it was for the "Kinder." She shook her head, and then some of her school-room English came to her rescue and she said, "for people who have no arms." She threw me a wreath of smiles when I poked 2,000 marks in the hole (I didn't realize until I'd got off with the recording angel, that I'd given only 3 cents). I went away saying, "that's the kind of people I'd like to give 2,000 dollars to—the people who have no arms." Herein I find a spiritual paradox. Those that have no arms shall have; and those who have shall have not!

I see many evidences of poverty in Berlin. Every department of life is running on short rations. People can't readily get away, for they cannot pay the price. No wonder they are eager to get even out to England. There are some good sides to poverty. It makes for democracy. It makes people kin. It takes many crimps in pride. It brings a blush of shame to the loud rich. It compels people to seek simple pleasures. I believe that Germany's financial disaster will greatly enrich her character and turn her (or should) to activities like those in which she once conquered the world. For example, I saw a fine monument yesterday, in Tiergarten, to three musicians, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and I was surprised to note that all of these died over a century ago—when Germany was poor. The present poverty of Germany may lead her to deeds of repentance and so prepare the way for the "coming of the kingdom." She may become a modern Greece or a modern Palestine.

But poverty that means impoverishment, underfeeding, increase of disease and crime, that demoralizes and under-nourishes and under-cultures the youth—this is an evil and evil only, and from this kind of poverty, thanks be to her own sins and the continuing sins of France, England and America, she is suffering.

Whenever there is a popular reaction against war and oppression—watch it—there is shown a dislike of statues in public places. Berlin—in the days of the Kaiser—became a glorified gallery of royalty. It's a strange egotism this erection of statues on public places to one's self or one's family. They are generally hideous in the first place—as those in the Tiergarten, and they are there by the score—and it is so tasteless! A few of these statues were pulled down, others are the sport of the rabble. They are meant to build up a pride of dynasty—like presentation at court—and they are abettors of war. They are also receptacles for trophies taken from an enemy. Near the German Reichstag, e. g., is a tall shaft decorated with cannon captured from the French in 1870. Dear old Westminster Abbey whose roof covers some of the greatest souls and greatest rascals of English history, has many banners taken from the foe! Great cause for boasting, isn't it, in the presence of Jesus?

The love of statuary indicates one of the causes that led to this great nation being in the hospital, suffering from the disease of war. Personally, I am opposed to statuary—unless it be to virtues, never to persons. I believe in cremation of the dead! And ashes scattered, that all mortal evidences may be removed! I believe in the second commandment pertaining to the prohibition of the making of graven images. For this prohibition I find ethical, artistic and political reasons. Great persons ask, need no statues. I'm a Puritan-Quaker, in this particular. And now comes dear America—filled with glorious images of beauty, sweetness from sea to sea, on her lakes, rivers and mountains. What more beautiful than our American continent from Niagara to Rainier? Yet, some shallow brain one day thought we must have a Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Behold, people begin to notice that about the same year liberty began to leave our shores. The statue has become a joke. Then some rich men and professors thought it was a sign of culture to build museums and fill them with statues of dead civilizations! I have just been reading how some of the French art-crooks have been gulling rich Americans (the innocent Americans who, like Wilson, think they are so clever) by unloading on them faked reconstructed statuary. I am glad of it. I wish it might cure us Americans of our indecent respect for the dead. Why, Americans are so silly that they will travel a hundred miles in Europe to see some "old house" or "old wine-vat" or "old picture" or "old clock." I am not concerned with the artistic side of this (though I think it is indefensible) but with its effect on the disease of war. America is so rich in the new and wonderful! Why cling to the mouldering past? America's

fight for a sober world—fighting with England and France—is a fine sign that she cannot and will not follow the ways of the past. It shows that a part of America has the *spirit of the West!* In this there is hope that America may soon be working to outlaw war, as she is working to outlaw booze.

I have just returned from the State Theatre where Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was given. From 6 to 10:30 —excepting two intermissions when the people went into the corridors to promenade, chew sandwiches and sip beer or lemonade—I sat in the third gallery, spellbound from the opening strains to the final "Pilgrims' Chorus," when Tannhäuser, having run the gamut of wordly attractions, goes off with a company of pilgrims, with a rope around his loins. Again, I wished that the thousands who have not yet become big enough to forget and forgive could have sat in the congregation—it was Sunday night and I call it congregation; and, of course, "Tannhäuser," as everybody knows, is a great sermon and service of song. As a musical production it is wonderful and inspiring, and I am not musician enough to criticize except to say that the passions seemed to me to be too long drawn out and the movement too slow. In another field, however, I feel I am competent to make remarks, as to the social bearings of the opera. Wagner shared the error of his age in presenting grand passions in kings' courts. He was not proletarian. He did not know, apparently, that noble and grand emotions express themselves in kitchen, barn and field. Here is where the Hebrew scripture rises higher than Shakespeare, Wagner and others, in finding heroic stuff in shepherd lads and carpenters' sons. Wagner also has the medieval notion that to escape the evil of lust (Venus), worldliness and earthly loves, one must flee to the cloister, join the band of pilgrims. I am interested in presenting these two impressions, because Wagnerian opera of the type of "Tannhäuser"—wonderful as it is in music—does not present a popular culture preparing the way for the elimination of war. I am looking for a Proletarian opera and drama that will transplant even such great productions as "Tannhäuser" and "Macbeth." The idea that kings—courts are specially fit for noble emotions and grand passions; that the way of escape from lust and worldliness is a cloister instead of common life, will pass away with the coming of a saner life, with the era of peace.

For some years I have felt that the abolition of war was to come about along lines similar to those taken by those who are working for the abolition of the organized traffic in strong drink. I was led today to write Howard Russell of Westerville, Ohio.

My dear Howard Russell:—I have long felt that the abolition of war (organized international war) was to be brought about much after the way of the abolition of booze (organized traffic in strong drinks). You, the organizer of the Anti-Saloon League, did as much as any man to bring about the abolition of booze. I am grateful to you! For, I have followed the work of the Anti-Saloon League, since its beginning in Oberlin, where we were students together.

I think war's abolition will follow similar lines: (1) A woman's emotional movement, which is already here. (2) An Anti-War League following tactics similar to those you followed, non-partisan, but nailing and retiring every politician who is not anti-war.

Have you strength to undertake it—if I am correct? Or can you not pick out some young man like Howard Russell of 1885 and train him, after the tactics of the Anti-Saloon League. He will find the same kind of difficulties, men and women even in prohibition circles will oppose the church-part of it, at first; but in the end, perhaps in 50 years, it will win; and another great reform will be won.

Not many men are big enough to lead and prosecute to the end one big reform, as you have. Very few are big enough to lead and prosecute a second. May be? Or can you train up your Hannibal to do it; with the Carthagenian cry, "War must be destroyed."

SYDNEY STRONG.

Invading Russia—August, 1923

The "portier" at the hotel in Riga did not approve of my going on into Russia. He told me that in a few weeks I should be back in Riga, disgusted with Russia, "like everybody else." He saw to it that I met a young newspaper man, then in the hotel, who had just been released from a Bolshevik prison. "And how was it in prison?" I asked. "Better inside than out," he responded encouragingly.

The American consul was equally reassuring. "You are going to Russia? The United State Government washes its hand of you—it assumes no responsibility. It has no dealings with the Soviets."

"Now that you have done your official duty in warning me," I replied, "please tell me unofficially whether there is any danger."

"Well, no, I haven't heard of any. And if you want to register your passport here—so that your friends can trace you—"

Then I tried the Russian consulate. I had been told that I could only purchase a ticket through the Russian officials. They looked rather amused. "Go to the railroad station and buy your ticket," they said. So I went and bought it, just like that.

They had told me in Berlin—the newspaper men I had talked with—to lay in supplies of everything I should need on the journey, from a tea-kettle to bed-bug powder. So I bought butter, bread, lemons, oranges, chocolate, cheese, ham, and tea, and had eggs boiled at the hotel and thermos bottles filled. With the big tea-kettle in my *rücksack* bumping against my spine, I clattered over the cobbles of Riga on a very dark night to the station.

It was a long train, with only one so-called first-class coach. In the third-class coaches, people were piled up on wooden shelves. Mine was the usual Continental corridor car, of the second-class type, with compartments arranged to accommodate four people, in two upper and two lower *couchettes.* There was one Russian woman in the compartment at the end of the corridor—all the other passengers were men. I found I had a travelling companion in my compartment, a long lean gentleman, European in dress, but dubiously Asiatic in appearance. I couldn't decide whether he was Chinese or Hindu. The next day I discovered that he was from Afghanistan, attached to the Afghanistan embassy in Moscow. He spoke broken German, as bad as mine, so that we understood each other fairly well. But we were not very friendly to begin with. I wanted the door into the corridor left open, so that I could send out S. O. S. calls, if necessary; he wanted it closed, because he was cold, as he indicated by shivering dramatically. The bearded Russian conductor stood in the doorway and listened to our German and our Russian and watched our gestures

with interest. The Russian word I used repeatedly meant "open," I thought. I looked it up afterwards and found it meant "closed." But my signs were unmistakable demands for the open door. The Afghanistan gentleman was, I infer, equally contradictory. The conductor finally threw up his hands in bewilderment and left us.

We wrapped up in rugs and switched off the light—it was after midnight. Presently the conductor stepped softly down the corridor, making all snug for the night—he shut all the doors. I resigned myself and tried to discipline my imagination. In about half an hour, Mr. Afghanistan uncoiled himself, turned on the light, hunted up a cigarette and some matches and a red fez, shivered, tapped his head, to indicate that it ached, —and locked the door. After turning off the light again, he lay down with the red fez on his head and the glowing cigarette between his lips. Some light came in from the stars outside, and red sparks from the wood-burning engine flashed past the window. I kept my hand on the door knob, and studied the Rembrandtesque effects with very real pleasure. Presently his cigarette burned out, he went to sleep, and I unlocked the door.

About six the next morning we stopped at a small station. The platform was crowded with peasants, a band was playing martial music, and several companies of soldiers were standing at attention. A pleasant-faced young Russian jumped off our car to greet an old peasant woman and two attractive girls. Later on in the day we managed a good deal of conversation in German. Semyon—I've forgotten his last name—was a young engineer, about twenty-six years old, who had fought through the war and the revolution, and was now connected in some way with the naphtha industry. He had been in Germany for some months, and was on his way to Baku. It was his mother and sisters he had met at the little Latvian station. The boundary lines had cut them off from Russia, and they were Latvian subjects. The band and the soldiers were there to welcome the Latvian president, who had been on our train.

"Funny little country," said the Bolshevik engineer, "with only a million and a half inhabitants; and yet it has a president, and a big cabinet, and an army, and a navy, and a currency,"—he counted them all off on his fingers.

As we drew near the Russian border his spirits rose. The train would go faster when we reached the border; everything would improve. We were both thrilled at the sight of the boundary post and the red star and the red soldiers on guard, in their khaki uniforms and red-starred helmets. Some soldiers were gathered around a campfire, cooking. "See, they are Kalmucks," said the engineer. He took charge of me when we passed the customs. "This is a professor," he explained—I understood enough of his Russian to catch the drift, "and she is coming to study education. She's all right." And they didn't bother at all with my luggage. But they did make the little engineer pay ten dollars duty on the shirts and stockings he was bringing from Germany.

The rest of the day we jogged on in a leisurely way through the rolling country, with its birch and pine forests and its heather. Our little engine had to stop and replenish its woodpile and take a drink at every station. And everyone climbed out of the coaches and walked up and down and had tea. There was no need to resort to my supplies of food. One could buy white bread and butter, chocolate, fruit, sausage, eggs, soup at each of the larger stations. At first I was nervous about leaving the train. But the conductor noticed it, and told the Afghanistan diplomat, and a Persian physician, to take the lady off and give her some tea. This Persian was a most interesting and cultured gentleman, head of the Pasteur Institute in Teheran. (Did one ever think of Pasteur Institutes in Teheran?) He had been attending a medical conference at Strasbourg. We tried to talk French, and I told him a great many things about America which were probably not so. He translated them into Persian for the edification of the Afghanistaner. I blush to think what I probably said about our Indians, and our Negroes, the speed of our railroads, the height of our buildings, the cost of living, the lot of the laboring man, and so on. They seemed unduly impressed at times. In the intervals of these trying conversations, I taught the Bolshevik to say, "I am cold, I am sleepy, I am hungry." He wasn't any of these things, but he wanted to learn them.

We had a red soldier to guard our coach. At each stop he shouldered his gun and stationed himself at the entrance. To protect diplomatic couriers, perhaps? And at each stop, too, a peasant woman would come in with a leafy branch of a tree, and brush out the corridor and the platform. There were signal women, not men, at the crossroads.

The next day, at noon, strictly on time, we reached Moscow, in a drizzling rain. The Afghanistaner drew out an impressive gray Astrakhan cap, and asked me whether it became him more than the European soft felt. It did. The Persian gave me his card, in case I ever came to Persia. And the Bolshevik took my luggage, and stood on the steps of the station bargaining gleefully with about five *izvoshchiks,* who all shouted and gesticulated violently. When he had secured for me the lowest rate—it was two hundred million roubles, about seventy-five cents that day—he packed me in the rickety carriage, and I jolted off towards the Savoy Hotel.

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

The Minorities

Before me are circulars headed: "The World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches," "The American Committee on Religious Minorities," "The American Peace Society," "The International Goodwill Association," "Interparliamentary Union," etc. Undoubtedly the object of these institutions is peace among nations, an object worthy for every man to strive for. Peace among men alone can bring friendship among them; peace and friendship among nations can alone permit religious or national minorities to enjoy rights which every man should have a right to. Present political life among civilized nations allows of no difference between the rights of religious and national minorities. They are one and the same thing. Nobody will contradict me when I say, that these rights are, in the

first place, that man should enjoy the natural right to speak in his mother tongue, to pray in it, and of course also to benefit by the common law of the country he lives in. A man deprived of such rights is a slave for whom no law exists.

Does such a condition of things exist in this civilized world; do these above mentioned societies know of such existence, and what have they done to bring at least an alleviation to the situation?

I can go far and wide to indicate territories and peoples who are deprived of the rights in question here, but I will limit myself to cases within a journey of ordinary travel from where I am writing.

The Dobroudja under Roumanian rule, Macedonia under Serbian rule, Macedonia and Thrace under Greek rule give us such a situation in the full glaring light. In all these countries important elements, actually the dominant majority in them, minorities only as regards the entire respective States, are deprived of the right to bear their particular national name, to use freely their mother tongue, to pray in it. The churches of the Bulgarian in these countries have been seized, their priests expelled, their language is banned, their very names are translated into the, foreign to them, state language, and they find no protection in the common law of the country they live in.

I may state here that in these countries there is no difference whatever between religious and national minorities. I challenge either of the Societies in question to go on the spot, to the east, north, west or south from here, to disprove my statement. They will find far more than I have uttered. They will find also that this situation is in flagrant contradiction to the treaties of peace.

I look round to find any trace, any impression of the work done by these societies, surely they are working and are doing some work, but I meet with circulars, nothing more! The several millions of souls, subjected to the above conditions, are enduring their slavery more bitterly every successive day.

Yes, I remember a select delegation of American bishops coming out to this country, and with fine speech, and ceremonial invited the country's church to take active part in projected conferences to work out a closer alliance between the churches, for the common good of humanity, to the attainment of universal Christ's peace. I have no doubt, whatever, of the noble inspiration which guided these good, sincere men, nor of their praiseworthy object. They went from country to country broadcasting good seed, but had they looked behind they would have noticed that their seed fell upon soil in too many cases saturated with poison—distress, suffering, despair of enjoying human rights.

The mind to be receptive of higher morals to effect universal conditions must be first prepared by the enjoyment of the rights which common sense dictates.

Living today is faster than it was a century ago, and more rapid results are expected than formerly. Delayed results, as events march today, spell ruin.

To obtain today satisfactory results for the benefit of the world at large, to make any progress in the Alliance of the Churches, in the attainment of universal peace the poison in the soil, the poison which chokes the atmosphere, must be first removed.

The societies in question here, and other similar ones, and they are legion, should in the first place work—that human rights be granted to the millions of souls: the right to enjoy the use of their mother tongue, to pray in it, to use the churches they have built, to enjoy the ministration of their priests, to bear the names their fathers gave them. Every one individually, every society working for the common good, for an alliance of the Churches or for universal peace has an unprescriptible right, a duty, to demand that such rights be granted on the bases of existing peace treaties. *These treaties command such rights.*

The question of the rights granted to these minorities by the Peace Treaties, denied so far, was very seriously raised in the Assembly of the League of Nations by Professor Gilbert Murray, delegate for South Africa. The noble attempt of the professor was blocked by interested parties, indefatigable in demanding the execution to the letter of treaties in their favor, and callous in the execution of the same treaties when in disagreement with their special interests.

The world is restless because of these treaties, particularly so because they are not executed by those in power, these actually flaunt their contempt of them, when they do not agree with their impure interests!

There is not an iota of exaggeration in my bold statement.

Listen, for instance:

Representatives of the press waited upon the Serbian Minister of the Interior, a few days ago, and he made a self-condemnatory declaration as regards the troubled conditions in Macedonia. I quote one passage:

> Macedonia is Serbian and will be Serbian as long as there are Serbians. The Bulgarians have been beaten twice because of Macedonia, should they deserve a third beating it will be to the end.

The vast majority in this Macedonia is Bulgarian, the people are discontented, but with one mind are struggling for the rights granted them by the peace treaties, for the use of their mother tongue, to pray in it, etc., which are denied them, and downright lawlessness reigns in the country.

Bulgaria has nothing to do with this condition of things in this unhappy, long suffering country, she is too weak to dare exercise any influence there, but she is a safe scapegoat for the Serbian authorities solely responsible for the situation.

These minorities have their own national churches. In order that these churches may listen to the invitation to join an alliance intent upon the attainment of universal friendship, justice, at present denied to these minorities, must be secured, otherwise any such alliance can be only academic, of no advantage or benefit to humanity.

The condition of these minorities throughout the Near East, not to speak of other countries, is without precedent. Thousands upon thousands, who would preserve their essential human rights, are expelled from their homes and dumped upon other thousands upon thousands already deprived of such rights!

Here is work for the Churches and for all Societies working for a peaceful settlement. This work does not involve any revision of treaties, but a more difficult and necessary task. It is a work in which every honest man, every churchman, every right minded politician should consider it his duty to take part.

You must extract the thorn from the body before you apply the balm; you must annul the effect of the poison, you must free the man from unbearable torture before you can remind him of a merciful God.

Sofia, Bulgaria. P. M. Matthéeff.

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

"Black, White and Brindled"*

Eden Phillpotts' name is especially associated with the Dartmoor district of England, but he has written equally well of other parts of the earth. For example, the present collection of eleven short stories dealing with the Negroes, "brindled" or mixed peoples, and whites of the West Indies. Reading them one would think that Phillpotts had lived among these folk since his birth, he seems to know them so well. And yet the material must have been gathered in but a few months, while the author was "vacationing" perhaps. It is the old tale of one man with seeing eyes and a sympathetic heart grasping a given subject easily and quickly while another man, less talented, less gifted, struggles for years in vain. Phillpotts has the capacity to drive straight to the core of a problem, to get to the essential truth of a situation, which most people lack. Nine-tenths of our effort, both individually and as peoples, is spent seeking a way. Not so with Phillpotts.

Of course, he occasionally falls a trifle short of his goal. I could wish, for instance, that he had a slightly more sympathetic attitude toward the Negroes. But I realize that the word "nigger" does not mean in England what it means in America; we speak of Negroes as "niggers" only when we wish to slur or insult them, but the term has a less unpleasant significance in the British Isles. Again, I dislike to hear Negroes called lazy. I do not think that they are lazy, even in the tropics; they appear to do most of the hard manual labor of the hot countries, they and the imported coolies. But I know that I should be lazy—that is: too warm and sapped of energy—to tend sugar cane or pick cotton all day if I were living under burning tropic skies; and I have not the hardihood to complain of faults in others of which I personally would almost surely be guilty if I were in their place. However, Phillpotts has a far more friendly attitude toward the Negroes than the vast majority of Americans. I should be misrepresenting indeed if I did not make this point clear as crystal.

The truth is that there is no warmer heart in the world, so far as I can say, than that which beats in the breast of Eden Phillpotts. So let us pass on now to a consideration of these stories as such.

The first tale, "Three Dead Men," has to do with the mysterious demise of a white planter, found murdered in a cane field, and two of his colored servants, found dead on the same day. A detective is sent out from England to investigate. He makes inquiry concerning all the known facts, all the prevalent local theories, and then, most important, the character and personality of each of the deceased. The problem is too complex. He returns home baffled. But his chief in London works out a solution based on his reports. Not a development of the Conan Doyle method of deduction, founded on the examination of physical phenomena, nor an extension of the latter-day method, derived from the science of psychology, but rather a still more advanced procedure, dealing with character in all its phases is Phillpotts' distinctive contribution to the art of the mystery story. He holds that men act in character, that is: that they do the things that are natural to them. An honest man conducts himself in an honest manner; he does not commit crimes. But a man who is fundamentally a rogue—a man who, briefly, has an unhealthy mind—does commit crimes, large or small according to his nature. The earlier writters of this type of story seem to have under-estimated the value of this simple truth; their villains and their heroes frequently behave without regard for it.

There is a praiseworthy economy about "Three Dead Men." Another author might have required twice or thrice as many pages for its telling. But here again we find Phillpotts going straight to the heart of his material. He does not wander, he does not repeat, he knows his theme and he respects his reader's intelligence. That is more than I could say about many fiction writers.

The second tale, "The Styx," is a charming comedy of love and guile. The central figure is a Chah-Chah boy who wins a white man's daughter by inventing a crafty solution for a problem that the white man could not solve for himself. The latter, by the way, is a slave trader, who, because of the narrow escape he experiences in the story, quits the game forever. The Chah-Chah is one of Phillpotts' egotists—a common enough type in his books. The chronicler of Dartmoor has, apparently, a special talent for the creation of these impish fellows.

"Lily's Stocking" is the third number, another comedy, very skillfully done. Lily is a servant girl at St. Joseph, Trinidad, for whose favors two colored boys compete. She agrees to marry the first of the pair to ask her hand on Christmas morning. She hangs up her stocking on Christmas Eve, and Santa Claus, in the person of her mistress, does the rest. When the unsuccessful candidate arrives at dawn to "pop the question" he is told that he is too late and commanded to depart instantly because, "I no lub you a mite, sar!"

Perhaps the best story of the lot is that called, "Red Tooth," which is the fourth in the procession. The title is the name of a barren rock island in the Caribbean where, in the narrative, a savage half-Irish, half Che-Che sea captain maroons a cabin boy who after much provocation had knifed the captain's only friend, a creature as wicked as himself. How the boy escapes from his cruel fate is the thing about the tale that thrills me.

"The Skipper's Bible," which follows, is one of the stories that shows Phillpotts in his finest manner. Here he certainly exhibits the noblest human elements of his art. The condemned Negro who is being carried to another island to be hanged is one of his unforgettable inventions. The white sailors who fight their captain to obtain the Bible for the poor fellow's use are magnificently real. We see them, we share their dismay, their determination and their passion when their purpose is formulated. Then the captain himself at the end asking the Negro to pray for him, also. Ah, that is a touch, indeed! All in all this is one of the most useful things that has come from Phillpotts' pen.

"The Mother of the Rain" makes one think of Poe's "Gold Bug," though it is, of course, a much different sort of tale. Gruesome in part, one smiles at the close. The character of the rascally Bolivar Binns is carefully etched. Binns, of course, is another of Phillpotts' gal-

* "Black, White and Brindled." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

lery of villains who are evil because heredity, environment and circumstances have made them so.

"High Tide" is the story of how a sea captain restrains the greed of an intolerant Dutch speculator at a critical moment. It is one of the happy numbers of the group. One laughs through it, laughs without regret of any sort. The device employed by the captain is so original and strangely whimsical.

Then we have: "Monsieur Pons and His Daughter," which is rich in novel features, a thoroughly original story, satisfactory in every way.

Of the last three stories, "Carnival," "The Monkey," and "Obi" I may say that they are worthy of association with the rest, though not necessarily representative of the author's genius at its highest pitch. "Carnival" is the weakest tale of the whole volume, but it has merit just the same. It holds the reader's interest straight through, but one does not especially thrill over it. "The Monkey" relates the heroism of a little colored cabin boy who dives into a shark-infested sea to rescue the captain's pet, which that worthy in a burst of passion had chucked overboard. "Obi" is another mystery story. The most important character is an evil old native priest who is craft itself. We see how carefully Phillpotts has studied the Negroes' religious beliefs and how easily they are deceived and victimized by those cleverer than themselves and less scrupulous.

If anyone should think that I have praised "Black, White and Brindled" beyond its deserts he has only to read the book for himself to discover that my enthusiasm is more than justified.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO LETTERS FROM CHINA.

(1) FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA.

Editor of UNITY:

Thank you for your good letter. Due to recent "knocking around" from one place to another I have been unable to answer sooner.

The question which you ask about the present nature of the political situation here is a very difficult one to answer. An intelligent reply would be possible only if one had some means of knowing what is going on in the inner circle in Peking, Shanghai, and Canton. To tell the truth, conditions here politically are chaotic, and it is very difficult to know when they will be materially better. The country is still without a President, and the Parliament is so divided up into parties and cliques that for governmental purposes it amounts to nothing. The only man who is really doing much is Dr. Wellington Koo of the Foreign Office. He is keeping that department intact while all else is at a stand still. There are a half dozen military cliques—or more—each one of which has intentions as to the Presidency. Apparently, the strongest of these is the one which includes General Feng Yü Hsiang (the so-called Christian General), Tsao Kun, Tsao Juei, General Wu Pei Fu, and Wang Cheng Pin, the Tuchun of the Province of Chihli. Feng Yü Hsiang is doubtless a Christian according to his "lights," but he certainly is in bad company. One wonders, too, of how much value the kind of Christianity is that permits a man to participate in the military domination of the Country by such a crowd as he is lined up with. Perhaps it will be a very wholesome thing if certain Christian leaders have their eyes opened to the fact that no man can practice Christianity in the army. I personally would much rather see the army manned by men who make no profession of Christianity that our faith may not be dragged in the dust by their actions. It is a part of the almost unforgiveable blindness of some Church leaders which makes them glory in converts within the Chinese military machine, that is, within organized hell, and as a part of it. The personal religious excellencies of these soldiers is all part and parcel with the personal religious excellencies of certain noted exploiters of humanity through modern industrialism in the West. It makes one sick at heart to think about it—that is, when it doesn't make one *mad*.

Although the men of this clique just mentioned represent considerable power and influence, the prospect of their doing anything to stabilize the country is not bright because they have their own personal aims and desires which are continually clashing.

Considered from all sides, the present situation is baffling. Chang Tso Lin to the north has his clique. Li Yuan Hung, the ex-President, has his. To the South in Canton, Sun Yat Sen has his. Meanwhile in both Fukien and Kuangtung (near Canton) fighting continues between the different factions. Every now and then there are rumors that Sun Yat Sen is going to unite with Chang Tso Lin, or with some other military leader or leaders in a campaign to set up a single government and stabilize conditions. He too is in bad company and is using regulation military tactics in seeking his ends, in spite of holding, if we may trust his written statements, to ideals quite contrary to his policies. Perhaps I have written enough. Everything is, as it were, held in solution for the time being. Any moment something may happen to precipitate matters. What the result will be, no one can tell.

You ask to what extent the Republic is functioning. That also is a difficult question to answer. Personally, I do not believe that there ever has been a Republic in China in anything more than name. With the high percentage of illiteracy which we have here, a Republic must be an achievement of many years. At the present moment, it is safe to say dogmatically that there is no Republic functioning. The military would not allow it to function if it were otherwise possible, which it is not. Perhaps my judgment is not worth a great deal, but I should say that far faster progress towards democracy would have been possible if in the beginning a form of government more like that of Great Britain had been established. However, there is a small group of public spirited men of the right sort, of whom Dr. W. W. Yen is probably the best example, who are exerting every effort to try to bring some order out of the present chaos. If foreign countries can manage to keep hands off, they will doubtless do as well as can be done (that is, this group) in working out a solution. They are continually hampered by the military, but outside interference would only make their task the harder. I think it is Mrs. Besant who has said "Self-government is better than good government," and I think she is right.

I enclose a manuscript on "The Missionary and Intervention." All the publicity that can be given to anti-intervention material seems to me wise at the present time. We need that protection here.

Publish any portion or portions of this letter which you may consider of interest to your readers in connection with the questions which you put to me.

With cordial greetings and good wishes,

Sincerely,

R. B. WHITAKER.

(2) FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, PEKING.

China is generally regarded as a weak country, whose weakness is increasing all the time. Apparently this is all true. Relatively China is not so badly off. The civilization of the whole world is upset and China fares ill with all the rest. Such weakness as China has may in part be due to evil influences from the outside.

The main cause of weakness in China is the corrupt, selfish, avaricious character of officialdom. This has been more glaring under the republic than under the rule of monarchical dynasties.

Another peril and evil is the militarism of the ruling class. This has grown worse ever since United States diplomacy in 1917 tried to point the way to glory by China's entering the Great War, whether with or without reason.

A third danger is the prevalent lawlessness over the whole country. Banditry threatens the lives of Chinese and foreigners. And who are these bandits? Mostly ex-soldiers, who being unpaid for months, while their higher officers have become rich through speculation, have started out to loot and plunder and at the same time to annoy the Government.

Still another peril is the growing industrialism. This, too, like militarism has come from Western nations. Instead of teaching the Chinese peasants how to improve farming and gardening, these wise men from Europe and America, seeing their chance to wealth through the use of cheap labor, have taken these peasants from their homes in the country to the

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN OPPORTUNITY.

I wish to tell my friends that I expect to land in New York about November 10th—S. S. "Orduna." My address will be: Care of Bishop Paul Jones, 396 Broadway—until November 20, and after that, Seattle, Wash., where I hope to be by Christmas. In a zigzag journey to the Pacific coast I am willing to give addresses (churches, clubs, unions, etc.) on the following topics: 1. "What I saw in Russia, where the world's great revolution is in progress," 2. "The church situation in Russia, where is started a great reformation," 3. "An observer in Germany, where civilization is crumbling," 4. "A year in Australia, the land where the best social conditions obtain."

Terms: Half or All of good collection (or equivalent) for Childfeeding in Germany.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Berlin, October 25th, 1923.

CHICAGO READERS TAKE NOTICE!

John Haynes Holmes will be heard in Chicago on the following days:

December 14—

10:30 a. m. Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard. Subject: "Five Years After the War"—A Survey and a Prophecy.

6:30—Federation of Religious Liberals —Banquet at headquarters, Abraham Lincoln Centre.

December 15—

1 p. m. Hull House.

December 16—

2:30—Milwaukee Open Forum. Subject: "My Visit to Soviet Russia."

December 17—

12 Noon—Chicago Women's Aid, 717 Kimball Building.

Afternoon—Oak Park, Ill. 19th Century Club.

8 p. m. Sinai Temple, 4600 Grand Boulevard. Subject: "Five Years After the War"—A Survey and a Prophecy.

INTERNATIONAL GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY

All Christians in theory at least accept the Golden Rule as a guide in life. Do we practice it? Would not our lives be richer spiritually, our churches stronger, and our nation a greater force for international righteousness if we lived as we profess the Golden Rule?

The observance of *Golden Rule Sunday, December 2nd,* is intended as a spiritual exercise for the prosperous, as a source of food supply for the homeless and starving, and as a tangible expression of international fellowship and good will.

On this date all persons who are disposed to make a practical application of the Golden Rule are requested to provide for their Sunday dinner the same menu that is approved and used for at least 50,000 of the orphans of the Near East, and to contribute the difference between the cost of the usual Sunday dinner and the simpler, less expensive orphanage menus as a thank offering, for the purchase of food for the orphans of the Near East.

Sunday has been chosen because it is a day when all the family are at home with a greater regularity of attendance at the dinner table and when there is usually less haste with more opportunity for self-examination and review of our stewardship of life and money.

The Sunday following Thanksgiving is especially appropriate in America as the Golden Rule dinner will present the contrast between the unprecedented prosperity, tranquility and good fortune of America and the poverty and suffering of misery-ridden lands across the sea.

If rightly observed, this Golden Rule Sunday should have a spiritual value in the lives of our American churches that will far transcend in importance any possible material comfort that may flow from it to orphans of Christian martyrs of Bible Lands.

Luxurious living and self-indulgence may be as injurious to the prosperous as undernourishment and starvation are to the less fortunate. In saving these thousands of children and training them for future usefulness we may find that we are saving our own souls and our own country from moral decadence.

It is a notable fact that this day is being observed internationally and should be an important contribution to international co-operation and world peace.

When people break bread together, they become friends. On this International Golden Rule Sunday the people of all nations figuratively at least will gather around the same table, partaking of the same food and in some measure thinking the same thoughts.

These tens of thousands of orphan children in considerable measure hold the future of the Near East, and by the international application of the principles of the Golden Rule in dealing with them we may be able to avoid international strife and disastrous warfare in the next generation.

Certainly if, through no fault of ours, it had been our lot to die in the late war, and if our children had been left not only without parents or responsible relatives but also without a country, we would hope that some co-religionist or other philanthropist would provide for our children at least the necessities of life and opportunity for attaining self-support. "Whatsoever you would that others should do unto you (or unto your children thus left desolate), do ye even so unto them."

CHARLES V. VICKREY, *President, International Near East Association.*

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over-crowded sections of factory life. The social conditions have been contaminated.

Now for a few signs of hope. First, the general sentiment of the people is against these evil conditions. The merchants, teachers and students are on the side of the people and against the militarists. The question is how can these few men who have armies behind them be forced to yield to the voice of the people? Perhaps by another revolution, perhaps by uniting, and perhaps by the method of peaceful reform.

In the second place there is a great moral and religious movement going on among the educated class, many of whom are in office or have been. Much has been heard of the New Culture movement which is largely anti-religious. More ought to be known of the increased interest in the spiritual world. There are some eight of these organizations which have sprung into existence and with which I have been asked to affiliate myself. Four of them have elected me as honorary President. These men are interested in real moral reform.

In the third place, the folly of war, whether among nations or between sections of one country, is being realized by the Chinese more and more. Even Generals denounce the havoc of war. The reason they continue as they are is because the bad military system has a grip upon them. They are not free moral agents. Some day they will throw off these shackles.

Peking. GILBERT REID.

RELIGION AND WAR.

To the Editor of UNITY:

For nearly two thousand years religion has had an open field, with no competitor as a guide for humanity. The result is the war that we have just passed through, conducted with the approval and blessing of religion on all the participants. Yet you talk of the influence of religion as being opposed to war!

One reason why this charming, sweet, benevolent Christianity has not ended war and all other ills, is because the teachings of Jesus, as phrased in the Golden Rule, are quite inadequate to meet modern needs. Do unto others as you would they should do unto you: yet under this rule of action all tyrannies are comprehended.

The prohibitionists say, "Oh, by all means compel me to refrain from drink, if I have not sense enough to abstain voluntarily. The Ku Klux Klansmen are bent upon making people do "right." Carlyle, in "Past and Present," says, "Liberty! The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon. . . . If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs: leave me not to walk over precipices!"

The Golden Rule is thus the rule of despotism. Now the whole progress of the world is from more despotism toward less despotism, in the present no less than in the past. The fundamental lack in our present hobble is the lack of liberty. We are unable to reorganize the world because we are held back by authority. We must discard authority for reciprocity, the rule of force for the rule of contract, what the law calls distributive justice for commutative justice. For all these indispensable items of progress the Golden rule is unadapted.

The true rule is: Do unto others as they would you should do unto them. This takes the rule of conduct out of the realm of benevolence, and places it within the sphere of science. It makes the victim and not the executioner the judge of what is "good" for him. It "sanctifies the will of man," as Bernard Shaw says.

Let me recommend that religion drop the old golden rule, and nail to its mast the new one, "Do unto others as they would you should do unto them," as a preliminary to new careers of glory.

Saugatuck, Mich. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

IF NOT THE COMMUNITY CHURCH, WHAT?

Certain critics of the community church keep on stressing certain difficulties in the movement which are well recognized by all intelligent advocates of these churches. It is argued that the denominational connection prevents parochialism, by affording opportunity for cooperation in missionary service to all the world. Then there is the suggested danger that these community churches will organize themselves into a new denomination, since most of our denominations arose from movements which in the beginning did not intend to found new sects. The need of a broad world view is admitted, but the critics of the denominational order insist that that is just what a connection with the ordinary denominational church does not produce. Parochialism is bad, but denominationalism narrows the vision by stressing a less natural loyalty than loyalty to one's home town. Neither a denominational church nor a community church need be parochial-minded if its leadership cultivates wider outlook. In the matter of missionary service, community churches have no difficulty in getting established societies to take their money. These are organized both on denominational and union lines. Most mission study manuals are ready-made for community church use, being written from the union standpoint. But were one to grant to the critics of the community church that they are right and that the community church is no solution to the problem of over-churching in a thousand towns and villages of America, one must still ask, If not a community church, then what? The Catholic church has one answer, but it is an answer to be dismissed before it is heard. We will not solve the problem by obedience to Rome. Some Protestant eccleciastics have another answer, the method of denominational trading. Certain denominations which have more small churches than others are strategically ready for this. But this remedy violates the rights of the local community to self-determination in religion. If not a community church, then what?

—*The Christian Century.*

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